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homemakers' chat

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U. S. DEPARTMENT
OF AGRICULTURE

(Release on Receipt)

SUBJECT: "Is That Lunch Adequate?"- Information from Victory Farm Volunteers,
U. S. Department of Agriculture.

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One evening...not so long ago...a city family drove out to see some friends who lived on a farm. Just why they went is not known. Maybe...just to visit...or maybe to see if they could pick up a fat hen.

At any rate...the city family reached the farm just after supper. The farmer rose from the supper table to greet his visitors.

"Too bad you didn't get here a bit sooner"...he said..."we've just 'et'."

"How you talk!" said his wife. Then...turning to the guests...she said...

"Pa means we've just eaten."

Pa considered for a minute...and then replied..."Maybe I do...and then again...maybe I don't. I've known a lot of people who have eaten who ain't 'et'."

Pa was right. Lots of folks have eaten who have neither the right amount nor the right kind of food.

And there's one particular group of folks that had trouble of this sort last year.

It was the Victory Farm Volunteers...who went out at seven each morning from the cities to help harvest our wartime food crops. These patriotic youngsters needed lots of food to stoke their boilers. Just as an engine fusses...sputters and quits when it runs out of food...so do these hungry boys and girls slow down...lose interest and expose themselves to careless accidents.

No one meant to half feed these kids...of course. They were on an unaccustomed job...and nobody appreciated how much food it would take.

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Many of them had to leave home so early that the rest of the family wasn't up. And the youngsters were in too big a hurry to eat much breakfast...as much as they really needed. Or to pack the right kind of lunch.

Bill is six feet two and weighs two hundred pounds. Maybe he likes a bigger breakfast than some...but fruit...cereal...two eggs...toast and milk are always ready for him..or ready for him to get himself. Breakfast is an event that Bill never misses.

Bill's lunch contains four sandwiches...real sandwiches made from eight slices of bread. Filling? It may be peanut butter...liver sausage...cheese...scrambled egg...lettuce and tomato...with salad dressing...of course. Sometimes it's jam or jelly or marmalade. For dessert there's fruit or cookies or a piece of Mom's special pie.

When Bill fixes his own lunch...the wartime sandwich fillings may be spread on thicker than when Mom does it...but in either case...Bill's lunch is ample. He eats enough to ward that excessive afternoon fatigue.

Let's check again on the amount and kind of food our children take out to their war jobs. These younguns are doing a real job. Let's be sure that when they finish eating...they've also 'et'.

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